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FREDERIC E. SHEARER, EDITOR.

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## AUTHORSHIP.

THE circulation of ideas through the medium of the Press is to the intellectual and social world, what the air and ocean currents are to the physical,—a great equalizer of temperature. It is the chiefest, almost the *only* power, whose agency proves effectual to eradicate prejudice, and secure general culture and intelligence. It is but affirming a truism, to say that the people of the book *must be* the people of intelligence; while, conversely, it may be added that the cultivation of letters has ever been manifest as a natural outgrowth of civilization. We cannot then wonder, that *now*, after such advances have been made in all that relates to true progress, authors should abound, and the world should be flooded with literature.

There is a feeling of indescribable awe that steals over us as we enter within the precincts of a large library, and cast our eye over the sombre-looking volumes that cover its walls and alcoves. A present deity seems here to guard his hallowed shrine from the foot of the irreverent intruder, and

“— bids me well beware  
With what intent I touch,”

while we almost start at the sound of our own foot-fall upon the marble pavement reverberating from the vaulted roof, and *almost consciously* do we await some rebuke for our temerity. Even as superstition has fancied the disembodied spirits of the dead to frequent the resting place of their mortal remains, loth to leave what was once their earthly habitation; so also do we almost imagine the shades of the writers of former times hovering near their works: notwithstanding, in his works alone may an author truly be said to live. When we see together assembled such a collection of the works of an universal literature, and consider that they who produced them were the *representative minds* of all ages; that they did actually walk and converse with the men of their respective periods, and associate with them in all the relations of ordinary life; it is impossible to avoid the conviction thus brought forcibly to our notice, that the world is indeed *very old*.

It is not our purpose to attempt a complete survey of all that is implied in the subject which stands at the head of this article. To do so would require more space and more time, as well as more research, than may be here employed. Attention will be called chiefly to the aims which direct literary labor, together with some of the difficulties to be overcome, and the dangers to be encountered by the author in securing their attainment.

The task of an author, says Dr. Johnson, is either to teach *what is not known*, or to recommend *known truths* by his manner of adorning them. Such, according to this great man, is the standard, whose attainment is the one grand and comprehensive constituent of literary excellence. The former of the objects here given seems to fall especially within the province of the philosopher, the man of science and the historian; while the latter is the appropriate department of the writer of romance and all works of the imagination, whether in prose or verse. The essayist perhaps in most cases here finds the

proper sphere for his labors. This distribution of course lays no claim to rigid analysis, but is designed only to illustrate the foregoing general truth. And here it is worthy of remark, that no method of implanting new ideas in the minds of men is more effective, and withal more speedy in its influence, than to introduce them into a work of fancy or fiction. There, it would seem, they breathe out as it were unconsciously, and implant themselves in the mind as if by stealth, and thus almost without resistance. So also have men of false sentiment and incorrect opinion made use of this device, when their logic has proved insufficient; and by inserting covert falsehood and plausible error in books of a popular cast, magazines and the like, have *amused*, while they have *beguiled* their unsuspecting readers. In works of a didactic nature, it must be evident, that no author can be regarded successful, unless he succeed in *actually imparting* truth. Such, in the eyes of the world, is his *only* object; and to this end all his powers of thought and expression are directed. Without its attainment, notwithstanding all seeming excellence, the work is a failure. But this should not be viewed as a requisite to excellence only in the class of works just mentioned. When the object is *apparently* rather to entertain than to instruct—in all imaginative writings, there is and must be *something taught*. It is not enough that the parts should be beautiful in themselves; but all these by their consistency must form a complete whole: there must be the *unity of harmony*; and so should one prevailing sentiment be given out—a unique conception, such as may always be derived from every master-work of art. In the department of poetry and romance, he is the great writer,

“— who can give to lightest lay  
An unpedantic moral.”

Vapid in the extreme is that novel, or that poem, which has *no point to it*.

But whatever may be the character of the task which an au-

thor undertakes, it is by no means a fair assumption that the design avowed in the work itself, or implied from its nature, is the true reason for its inception. The writer of a humorous novel does not always aim at the entertainment of its readers as his chief and ultimate object. Even in the case of works professedly instructive, there often lies in the circumstances and life of the author some motive *apart* from a desire to instruct, and without which the requisite labor would never have been expended. Cowper is said to have written the ridiculous rhyme of John Gilpin in a fit of melancholy, and Johnson to have indited the pleasing tale of Rasselas, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Few men comparatively, there is reason to believe, have become authors purely out of a love for truth, and from motives of philanthropy; so much the more be their honor enhanced, as their number is small. The majority of writers, it is feared, would never have given us the benefit of their ideas in a permanent form, were they not actuated tacitly or openly—altogether or in part, by a regard to their own pleasure, reputation, or profit. There exists no warrant for repudiating these incentives to authorship, especially if they be coupled with those of a higher order; but on the contrary, they would seem to hold a place quite important in the treatment of the present subject, though we shall not now be able to examine each minutely. They are especially worthy of note, because the results at which they aim must from necessity be secured in greater or less measure by every successful author. The man who writes a work of merit, if it be appreciated, will reap his reward in some shape or other, notwithstanding he may be the most disinterested person in the world. But there are to be observed real advantages to literature growing out of these very motives. The writer knows that it is not enough that he should express his thoughts and communicate his information, so as to be apprehended by those having the patience to give them close attention.

He knows that should he attempt no more than this, his work would be accounted a failure, and he himself be subjected to pecuniary loss, or other disadvantage. He sees that he may not rest satisfied with the idea, that, because people *can* learn from his writings if they *will*, his duty has been fully accomplished. To nearly every one such works are always repulsive; the author must go further, else it were better for *him* not to have written at all, and *generally* quite as well for the world. Men are thus led to give more attention to the *literary* character of their productions; to address them more to human nature, and so to commend them more to the sympathy of their readers. By so doing they meet a public demand, which otherwise would create a supply of reading matter worthless, if not positively hurtful; they also extend the scope of their influence, at the same time that they gain a measure of popularity, increase the sale of their works, and *make them pay*.

Again, a writer, like the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, may at the time of writing have no higher object than his own amusement; yet by *pleasing himself* he will be the more likely to delight his readers. In any production, and especially in works of imagination, those beauties of thought and expression, which commend their excellence to a writer of taste, will also make them valuable in the eyes of the public. Although a man may not be able to satisfy his own taste completely, he must feel sufficient interest in his work to do so as far as he is able: without this he cannot expect to please others, and in the object of his writing—be it what it may—he will unquestionably fail. The principles of taste are so closely allied,—it might almost be said, so identical with the rules of composition, that to ignore the one is to disregard the other; and either of these can be viewed not otherwise than fatal.

Having thus mentioned the principal aims of authorship, we notice, in the second place, certain of the difficulties to be overcome. There is widely prevalent among men a disposition to

regard that which is nearest home as nearest perfection. One instance of this tendency is, that men everywhere, unless actually convinced of the contrary, are disposed to view the plans of their own devising as superior to those of other men—superior, *because* of their own devising. In like manner we are apt to consider that our own political institutions are better than those of any other people; to think that we, in our own time, witness the very *acme* of civilization, culture and refinement; that the prevailing philosophical, scientific and religious tenets of the age must, *of course*, be right; that not only what is known on these subjects is true, but also that nothing can be true which is not already known, or at least the object of conjecture. Such thoughts as these have in forms, more or less definite, passed before the minds of almost every one. Most every one has wondered, when the subject has been brought to his notice, how it is *possible* for the world to advance. Some men, they think, may indeed reach a standard which others have already attained; but of excellence beyond exemplification, few—perhaps none has any conception whatever. Socrates was accused and condemned, because, as was alleged, he had introduced *καὶὰ δαιμόνια*—strange divinities,—those previously unknown, and which his accusers did not wish either to know themselves, or to be recognized by others. Gallileo was the object of persecution, because his scientific discoveries were at variance with current notions and beliefs, and because, in the opinion of his opponents, the admission of such truths would be the subversion of long established institutions. It is thus that the man who advances and maintains opinions not agreeing with preconceived notions, and unsanctioned by public sentiment, is frequently set down as a fanatic, a visionary, or perhaps indeed a *genius*, and *therefore not fit to be trusted*. No doubt this *conservative element*—if we may so call the disposition to adhere to old ideas and customs—is on the whole advantageous to the well-being of society, since it constitutes a

salutary check to extravagant notions; and it would be an improvement could this be extended in its influence, so as to reach certain radical schemers of the present day. Yet it is equally true that it sometimes forms, and in time past has frequently formed, a serious impediment in the way of him who writes to teach what is not known. In guarding mankind against deception, it is not permitted even to him who advances new truth (for such a thing is possible even yet) to enjoy any favor in the public confidence, which is not in like manner possessed by him who introduces error. And how should men distinguish the one from the other? There can be no presumption in either case, except such as has been established by their antecedents,—for we are speaking of prejudice,—and there is no contradiction involved when a man, whose works have previously been found reliable, becomes at last entangled with error. Now while men are nowhere predisposed to the reception of new truth, there is often a dazzling brilliancy to certain erroneous conceptions, which at once render them attractive, at the same time that they injure the intellectual vision of those who are so enticed. To some minds there is a charm in the very audacity with which certain species of error are maintained. Such advantage has the author of novel falsehood often possessed over him who would promote the course of truth. Although the lessons of the past teach us to believe that all such immunity is but temporary, yet it does without question sometimes place a serious obstacle in the way of the writer of truth. Time may indeed ‘obliterate the fictions of opinion, and confirm the decisions of nations,’ but the difficulty of the present is yet unremoved.

The considerations here presented are not, of course, realized in every case to the extent which we have depicted; but it will generally be found that in proportion as statements are new, strange and at variance with pre-existing notions, just so far will they be unwelcome both to individuals and to mankind at



large. Impediments of the same nature may also occur in the case of recommending known truth, if the mode of presentation, or the peculiar view so brought to notice be a little removed from the ordinary track. Yet it is only by looking at truth in all its aspects that comprehensive and adequate notions may be obtained. And here consists the chief advantage in having the same subject treated by different authors, for it liberalizes and enlarges our views, and enables us the more intelligently to form correct opinions. Observation teaches us still further to believe that there exists a common liability to confound the matter taught in discourse with the particular mode of discussion; to feel that, because the method employed is different from that which persons observe in their own ways of thinking, the author must be striving to reach a *conclusion* that is essentially wrong. So imagination may create opposition, when in reality the most perfect concord exists. Even in college we have known persons to wrangle very unprofitably *for hours*, and yet in the end discover that they have held precisely the same opinions from the very first. Thus, owing to the peculiar method or phase of representation, that often comes to be regarded as untrue, which otherwise—perhaps if merely stated—might be received without a murmur of dissent.

Such are some of the difficulties which an author is liable to encounter through popular prejudice and bias; and when brought to our notice, they should not fail to awaken a due appreciation of those who, 'having communicated truth with success,' are adjudged by Addison 'the first benefactors of mankind.' A corresponding reprobation, we may remark in passing, must ever attach to the man who wilfully, or through wilful ignorance, becomes the advocate of a false philosophy, or wields his pen for the dissemination of any species of error.

An author is subjected to another difficulty, when he falls into the hands of that amiable class of men usually styled—*critics*. There can be no doubt that unfavorable criticism must



be a great annoyance to any writer; and to him, who is just merging into the literary world, it must be a grievous discouragement. To this every author is more or less liable, whatever be his attainments. "Censure," it has been said, "is the tax a man pays for being eminent." Literary eminence may not then claim exemption. When we speak of unfavorable criticism, no allusion is made—it will be understood—to the effect it has directly upon the sale of a book, or the emolument which it may bring to the author. Artful publishers have been known to increase the demand for what they issue, by awakening a morbid curiosity in the popular mind through public notices, which, if true, could add nothing to the intrinsic merits of any work. Thus to raise successfully the question of a plagiarism, works like a charm. But it will be granted that gain is at best a very subordinate motive in the estimation of all who have any true conception of authorship. Moreover, he who thrives by his faults, or becomes famous through his errors, is certainly in the possession of no enviable fortune.

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

This sentiment of Pope is no doubt a true one, and it is generally much easier to discover faults in others than to avoid them ourselves. So do many find it much more convenient to criticise other men's writings than to produce anything original themselves. Now, as the same writer has again remarked—ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss; that is to say, if we compare the real faults of any writer of some note with the number of false criticisms made upon his productions, these are so numerous as to warrant the strong contrast here expressed. We shall not, however, stop to argue this matter; although it gains probability, when it is considered how that at different times, and in diverse conditions of literary society, the same authors have been so variously regarded. The testimony will doubtless be received, and its bearing in the present connection will readily be discerned.

A fruitful source of unfavorable criticism is prejudice arising from an unfavorable disposition toward new truth; but this has already engaged much of our attention, and nothing further need here be said in that regard. But, in addition to this, there may be personal prejudices, which also must work disadvantage to their object. This is especially true, if such criticism come from a distinguished source, which unfortunately is far from impossible or unfrequent. It is a sight rather painful than otherwise, to observe a man of intellectual worth so bound down by prejudice, that he cannot appreciate merit in another. A prejudiced mind is indeed a slave—in that worst of all bondage, *slavery to self*. It is altogether unnecessary to dwell in detail upon all the various ways, in which false criticism is observed: presumptuous—in the case of those who are incompetent; that springing out of jealousy, in which

“They who reach Parnassus’ lofty crown,  
Employ their pains to cast some other down;”

or another kind, which is perhaps more common than any other; namely, that arising from incapacity to appreciate the spirit of the writer criticised. These are only a few specimens; but all are in like manner unfortunate, so far as their influence is felt.

Another difficulty sometimes to be encountered by an author is general *non-appreciation*. A writer of merit may have to buffet with no popular prejudices, respecting either himself or the subject matter of his discourse; and yet for some reason the world may turn to him the cold shoulder. This, no doubt, is chiefly due to what may not improperly be styled *uncongeniality*. The author in this case lives in a different intellectual atmosphere from other men; he seems to possess little or nothing in common with his contemporaries; he is in some respect *unequal* to the age in which he lives, or it is possible he may be in advance of his fellow-men. In short, he may be a bird of other climes. However this may be, in all ex-

cepting those pleasures of authorship the most strictly subjective, he can be not otherwise than unfortunate; for without sympathy there can be no special power. Yet in this connection it may be noticed that some writers, who, in their own generation, have been almost entirely unappreciated, have yet become in aftertime the idols of posterity.

In addition to the difficulties incident to authorship, some of which have just now engaged our attention, there are also certain dangers or liabilities to which all writers are more or less exposed in seeking the attainment of their object. These we shall consider by presenting to notice a few of the most common. The first to which we would allude is a disposition to pander to public taste. In an age like the present, when books are rather devoured than read, there is a peculiar liability to this temptation. To become popular is the high object of ambition to many, and this often is to be reached most easily by gratifying the public appetite, be its character what it may. Again, when an author comes to be favorably regarded by the reading public, and his works are made a subject of general conversation, he may often reap quite a harvest in a pecuniary sense from the sale of his productions. This furnishes additional temptation to the evil we are now considering. It is doubtless true, that the majority of men read more for the sake of amusement or diversion than with a view to instruction. So novels and other light reading are resorted to for this purpose. All works of such character will not only be read, but they will also be sought after. Every issue of the press is eagerly perused, and in most cases without any consideration as to its tendencies. The ordinary reader takes up a book and trusts to the author not to deceive him: and here consists the great burden of responsibility, which must ever belong to those whose employment it is to furnish intellectual food for the people. The task of an author, as has been said, is to *instruct*; he must bring the minds of his readers to the

level of his own conceptions, and not lower himself to theirs. It is the glory of literature that its great tendency is to elevate mankind; but there is also to be observed a counteracting tendency in mankind to debase literature. Accordingly it is all-essential to him who would aspire to real literary eminence, that he exalt *himself*, in order that he again may exalt others. He must then maintain his own individuality, his own opinions, his own sentiments. He must be candid with himself, with his readers and with his opponents. He must, in a word, be the *embodiment of truth*.

But while men may err by an improper and injurious regard to public appetite, it is not to be forgotten that the opposite extreme is liable to as just a censure. There are writers to whom this is a very natural tendency; who fail to render due deference to their age and its prevailing characteristics, views, feelings and tastes. They are, perhaps, in the habit of seclusion; they live in themselves and in their studies: so that, as it were forgetful of the outer world, they might almost be said to have written for themselves alone. So, we cannot doubt, have some intellectual stars of the first magnitude been partially eclipsed. But this is a danger which, even in such circumstances, may be shunned.

"As man is of the world, the heart of man  
Is an epitome of God's great book  
Of creatures, and men need no further look;"

so that the principles of nature will teach propriety in this respect, if we will but listen to their dictates. It should always be remembered that every 'embodied thought' has a mission to accomplish—an object *outside* of itself to be attained; and that this is only possible, as it is suited *by adaptation* to the capacity and appreciation of others.

We mention, lastly, that an author may sometimes be liable to attempt a subject too great for his present capabilities. If he be under a delusion in this respect—if he be unreasonably self-confident, as a general rule he will find it out, if at all

through experience; or, as common phrase has it, he will be *taken down*. But, if incompetence arise merely out of a present want of knowledge, this can, of course, be supplied by ascertaining the facts required and careful reflection thereupon. But there is a great danger of attempting that which is too high for us. There are without question many things that are beyond the ken of our feeble intellects; and not only so, but things which it is *not in our nature* fully to understand—which it were *unreasonable* for us even to think to grasp. This may indeed be humiliating to human pride, but nevertheless it is true. This remark is not intended to disparage thought upon high themes:—doubtless this is beneficial in a very great degree; and, when properly conducted, induces increased strength of character and mind. But we should beware how we give loose rein to our imagination;—how we launch upon an ocean so illimitable without guiding star or compass. There is beauty in fancy, if guided by an uncompromising logic; but fancy uncontrolled by reason is like unto a “maniac dancing in his fetters.”

In closing we cannot forbear to cite the beautiful simile of Longinus as used by Dr. Johnson.—“An elevated genius employed in little things appears like the sun in his evening declination; he remits his splendor, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more, though he dazzles less.”

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#### MONOLOGUE OF BENEDICT ARNOLD—TRAGEDY.

The deed is done! That awful, cursed deed  
Which blasts my life and damns my soul forever!  
O were I yet the child, whose sincere eye  
Can rest confidingly on human faces!  
Whose look of innocence can e'en disarm  
The hardened criminal! Can I now lift

My guilty eye to heaven, which rather will  
Enshroud itself within its cloudy garment  
Than smile upon the traitor's cursed head?  
Can I now breathe my native air which once  
Re-echoed from the plaudits of the people  
In honor of the patriot and hero?  
That I were dead! My very breath poisons  
The air which blesses free Columbia!

The pale moon merges from a cloudy nook  
To shed a plaintive light upon yon grave-yard.  
There rests the peaceful tiller of the soil,  
Whose soul is dwelling with the blessed spirits!  
His epitaph tells to his worthy scions,  
That he was faithful, honest, though unknown,  
But will the earth retain within her bosom  
The ghastly bones of Arnold, the arch-traitor,  
No, no, there is no room within Columbia's  
Free-hearted bosom for a traitor's corpse,  
Like poison, she must vomit them, to bleach—  
A plaything to the wandering, howling beast—  
A monument of crime and parricide!

But no! I cannot even here expire  
A greater murderer than Cain, I must  
Restless and cursed wander into exile;  
God's curses branded on my guilty brow  
To warn the faces of my fellow-beings—  
A terror even to the senseless brute,  
A victim to my never sleeping conscience,  
Shunned and despised even by those who bought me—  
Hark! who is knocking? Ah! where's my peace?  
That e'en the slightest sound can make me tremble,  
That I do hate to see my very image  
Reflected from the mirror! that my dreams  
Permit me not the sweet repose of virtue!

How quiet is the field which seems to sleep  
Below the silken veil of holy night!  
Those fields, the monuments of honest labor,  
The home of freemen, of my virtuous sires,

And I can dare to send the torch of war,  
 The savage Indian with his scalping knife,  
 The mercenaries of the British tyrant,  
 Against my home, my friends, my countrymen!  
 To rend the mother which has given me life;  
 To devastate the tombs of my forefathers!  
 To trample down in dust the noble flag,  
 Which I, myself, have borne victorious  
 O'er many a bloody field, through many a danger!

How have I fallen! Like those evil spirits,  
 Who not contented with reflected honor  
 Which fell upon them from the Lord of heaven,  
 Dared aspire to the All-Fathers glory;  
 So I, in wild, devouring, mad ambition,  
 Since the Virginian's laurels let not sleep me,  
 Have sunk a tool to England's insane tyrant!  
 My name! Oh! would I never hear that name,  
 That hateful name, which puts, in after times,  
 The shameful blush on my unhappy son,  
 And makes him to deny his ancestry!  
 That name will rank with him, who once betrayed  
 The Savior with a false insidious kiss,  
 With Ephialt, who led the Persian host,  
 Over Thermopyla's ill-fated ridges.  
 That name will be, a by-name to each man  
 Whoever shall lift up the blood-stained hand  
 Against his country and her liberty;  
 But—it is done—betide me, weal or woe,  
 The step is made which now will lead me on  
 To hell and to destruction!

### GOD EXCOGITATED.

An intuitive perception of the truths of revelation, and a clear and simple faith in them on their own authority, doubtless evidences a higher kind of intelligent existence than that which requires logical proof, and the slow and obscure process



of reason. But as *we* are constituted, our intuitions are checked and clogged, and our faith dimmed by the stupifying influence of mortal flesh and of sin in the soul. "We see as through a glass, darkly." Hence, He who "tempereth the winds to the shorn lamb," compassionately gives us, in addition to his revelation of himself in his Word, proofs of his existence and attributes in the natural world; proofs which, to our dull apprehensions, seem to leave less room for doubt or wavering faith. Now whilst we regard the Bible as the highest and truest authority in these things, we purpose for the present to lay aside this canon of our faith, and will essay to collect the evidences to be found in the natural world, of the *real existence of a great First Cause of all things, who is an intelligent and voluntary agent*, and who is not a vague abstraction or mere principle inherent in matter, but is a *Person* distinct from his works. And doubtless the study of these dear pledges of our Heavenly Father's love will serve to dispel our doubts, give definite embodiment to our faith, and a stronger realization of the truths of His Word.

### I.

1. To this end we will first endeavor to prove from *Metaphysical* considerations that the Globe, as an *inorganic whole*, is the effect of a great First Cause, and thus establish certain general principles that may regulate us in the rest of the inquiry.

Starting with the simple postulates—1st, that we do really exist; 2nd, that the nature of our existence is really of such a kind as our consciousness declares it to be; and 3rd, that the external world, as it appears to us, is a reality, and not a mere conception of our own minds, we shall endeavor to build, on these fundamental facts of consciousness alone, all our proofs for the actual existence of a God.

We are so constituted that thought is *continuous*, which implies *constancy* and *connection*. This connection, whether it be

one of logical deduction or of mere association, is based on our perception of a necessary relation between an *effect* and its *cause*, and *vice versa*. The moment we shall lose this principle we shall cease to be able to think. We shall no longer be rational beings. Until then, we *must* admit it from the very nature of our being. Now we can conceive of a being as belonging to only one of two kinds of existence; the one *ultimate*, *necessary*, and *independent*, and therefore *unchangeable*; the other *derived*, *contingent* and *dependent*, and therefore *changeable*. Matter we know to be contingent and dependent. Of itself it is inert, and therefore could not of itself originate those ever changing processes which resolve it into the multitudinous forms in which we see it. If, then, it is dependent and contingent, it is of necessity an *effect* of some adequate cause, and either immediately or mediately it must be dependent on an ultimate or 1st cause, which is independent and necessary. For if there be no ultimate or necessary existence, then no existence is possible, for that which is not *necessary* is *contingent*, and necessarily implies something on which it is dependent for its existence. Hence it follows that the World, being a *material* existence, *must* be an effect, and there must have been a great Ultimate Cause, which is not matter itself. This we have seen to be a necessary deduction from fundamental facts of consciousness; so that the proof amounts to a *moral demonstration*, if we may so speak. The Atheist must violate the very first principles of his boasted reason in order to reach the conclusion he desires; and when he has reached it, must find it encumbered with greater difficulties than he conceives to belong to Theism.

Another metaphysical argument may be made from the very fact, that a conception of such an ultimate cause ever entered the human mind. This is a strong proof of the *actual existence* of the antetype, for all our conceptions must have some foundation in actual existence. True, a Phoenix or a Centaur

never really existed; but these are only *collocations* of conceptions which *are* realized in nature. These are not *ultimate* conceptions, but incongruous combinations of more radical ones. But no conception of an *ultimate, uncombined* existence *could* exist in the mind if it had had no actual Archetype. Else man might be a Creator; and if a creator in things so high and infinite; he could certainly be in things less lofty and finite, e. g. in Art. But consciousness and experience prove that man is not a creator. Therefore our conception of an ultimate or 1st cause, *has* its Archetype in actual existence.

2. *History* also proves this same truth. We know that *human* existence is contingent, dependent, and changeable; and it is evident from the preceding argument that this existence cannot be attributable to an *infinite series* of these contingent existences, but to some ultimate original. Besides, the most authentic historical records point back to a time when the race had a definite origin. This origin from one first pair is also proved by the contributions of other sciences. We find, then, that there was a time when man was not. His existence must then be contingent, for if it were necessary it must always have been. If contingent, then an effect. If an effect, there must have been a cause, which indirectly or more remotely must have been an ultimate and necessary one.

3. *Geology* proves the same fact. It goes back to times when the organisms now alive did not exist, and, further still, when none existed, and shows that they must have an origin. From the principle of the "*vis inertiae*" of matter, matter of itself could never have evolved them. They must then be the effects of some great cause distinct from matter, and which, as in the other cases cited, must have been an ultimate and necessary existence.

## II.

Hitherto we have been considering the Globe, as an inorganic whole, as an effect of a 1st cause. We now propose to

examine the evidences of *design* to be found in *individual organisms*.

That like effects are due to like causes, is a rational intuition having the force of an axiom. Now an adaptation of means to an end we call *design*. This adaptation we see in every phase of nature (the human frame being perhaps the best example). Therefore, on the principle of "like causes," there must have been a designer. But design implies, 1st, Intelligence to *conceive* the end and *perceive* the means required to attain that end; and 2nd, Will to apply the means to secure the end. Thus the marks of design in natural objects are proofs that the cause was an intelligent and voluntary one. To attribute these marks of *design* to *chance*, would be a direct and absurd contradiction in terms, and a denial of the law of "like causes," which would be utterly *unreasonable*, that law being a rational intuition. Nor is this will exercised of *necessity*, as the Fatalist would have it, for from the very nature of an ultimate and independent Being, no constraint *can* be placed upon him, for then he would be contingent. And as all other existence must be *contingent*, they cannot be the result of a *necessary* exercise of will, else *their existence* would be necessary, and not contingent. Therefore, there actually exists a great 1st cause of all things which is not matter itself, but is an *intelligent* and perfectly *free agent*.

### III.

But we must go a step further, and show that this cause is a *God*, a real Person. Not only that he is not matter, but not even a mere formative or causative principle residing in matter. As the intelligence and will of the cause are evidenced by the marks of design in *individual organisms*, so also is his Personality exhibited in the *relations* of the separate organisms, and in their *adaptation* to the *circumstances* in which they exist. Personality implies numerical unity of existence, and a definite combination and harmony, or blending into one, of different

attributes, so as to form a certain distinct and peculiar existence. Now, a unity of existence and design is evident in nature, when we consider the harmony and order of the Universe in its multifarious relations, and in the adaptation of its parts for the ever-changing circumstances in which they may be placed. For if there were several of these supreme and ultimate causes, we might see these separate organisms in their individual developments, each under the influence of different Gods, clashing with each other, and with the circumstances in which they are placed, and thus chaotic confusion arise. There is but *one* First Cause—one God.

But Pantheists, while they admit the unity of the cause, claim it to be a mere principle inherent in matter. If this be true, ought we not to expect to find all matter taking the *same* form and character, since it is governed by the *same* blind Influence? But on the contrary, we find the most extensive variety and diversity of forms and kinds of matter, and yet all harmoniously blending into one grand design of consummate skill and wisdom. In all this multitude of organisms, and in their combination as a united Universe, we see also evidences of many of the peculiar qualities or attributes of this cause, such as intelligence, wisdom, will, powers, goodness, &c. Can these belong to it, and yet it not have Personality? Thus we have here the constituent elements of personality, viz: a *unity of existence*, with such a definite harmony or combination of different attributes as to form a *peculiar* and *distinct* existence.

Thus we have found, from a study of the external world, utterly independently of any written revelation, that there is and from the very nature of things must be actually existing, a great 1st cause of all things who is intelligent, who acts according to his own free will, and who is a real Person. In other words—THERE IS A GOD.

THETA.

## AUTOGRAPH BOOKS.

There is no good thing on earth that is not abused. Humility becomes, in the hands of Uriah Heep, an instrument for the satisfaction of his own avarice. Friendship is but too often affected, for the purpose of obtaining, at your hands, valuable favors. Even religion is sometimes used by the knave as a cloak for his selfishness. But the good things of this earth are far more frequently abused, through want of thought, than from intended malice. By one who thus unintentionally errs, especially if his error be practical in its effects, a few practical suggestions will not be taken unkindly.

Everything that is abused must have its uses. This is implied in the very expression. Let us then examine first the *uses* of autograph books; and these will appear more clearly from a comparison with the photographic album. Here we have the expression of the heart as portrayed in the countenance. And is it *not* portrayed there? Do not the features in their varied expression or in their habitual cast, tell of the temporary emotions or of the deep-seated principles of the soul? Hence one component part of the value which we set upon the likeness of a friend. A second component of its value to us, consists in the pleasant associations connected with it; and our valuation of it varies in proportion to the number or the character of these associations. Again, if it has been presented to us by the friend himself, it has to us a value as a token, a visible sign, of his friendship, an assurance that he cares for us.

In each of these particulars the autographic album has a value only secondary to that of the photographic. The hand-writing expresses, perhaps not so well as the eye, yet does express clearly the character of the man. Did you ever notice the habitual hand-writing of your friends, and did it not in almost every case comport with his known character? An

energetic man will make his strokes bold and clear; a dandified man will attempt a style of chirography that is full of flourishes, a man that is careless in everything else, will be careless also in his penmanship. True, there are exceptions to this rule; so also is a man's physiognomy sometimes wonderfully deceptive. But both of them, as a general rule, bear witness to a man's character.

Neither does the autograph fail in its office of bringing before the memory by association, kind recollections of the past. The circumstances of our acquaintance, of the relations which we have borne to each other, of the many kindnesses performed by one or the other, cluster around the autograph as freely as they do around the portrait of a friend. And the value of the autograph is still further enhanced by the fact that it is almost always the gift (none the less valuable because not costly) of the friend himself, bearing on the very face of it an assurance of respect or of regard.

Thus much for the simple signature. But how much is its value increased when we add to that, expressions of good will, and *direct* assurances of regard. For we know that these words of friendship are not the hollow, oily professions of those who are actuated only by the desire and expectation of valuable services, whose friendship will turn into indifference or hatred when their selfish ends are accomplished. Have you not felt, my reader, the power of schoolboy attachments when in college you have met with a former companion? Did you not at once, however slight your previous acquaintance may have been, rejoice even in the midst of college-mates to see a face whose familiarity dated several years back? How much more will college friendships be valued hereafter when in the midst of selfish strangers we look over the autographic mementoes of our class-mates. Add yet to this the gentle reminders of scenes of pleasure in which we have mingled, and we shall have a partial idea of the value which in after life we shall place on these manuscript volumes.



But valuable as the system is, it is yet open to abuses, and to a few of these we would call attention. First, we find an idea that the number of pages in length of an autographic memento is an index of the extent or depth of the friendly feeling entertained. Not so—it is rather an indication of the personal character of the writer. A wordy man will fill pages to his merest acquaintance,—a man of few words will be short and pointed. Or, the writer may measure his autograph by the character of his friend—giving to him of many words, a long epistle, and to him of deep, sincere feelings, a *short* one. Again, the closest friendship will often shun the publicity of an autograph book, and be expressed only by some short expression, yet full of meaning. Kind feeling is worth far more than size, in a memento. In fact, like a bulky, inconvenient setting to a much prized lock of hair, the mass of words may be injurious to the value of the kindly expressions themselves.

Secondly, some men want to obtain the autograph of every one that ever they have been introduced to. They like to appear to be men of popularity, to have so many friends in each graduating class. It flatters their vanity to be frequently noticed in such complimentary terms. An autograph, on the other hand, should be considered as a mark of friendship—of friendship strong enough to enable you to make *considerable* sacrifices for the welfare of your friend. And it is at the door of this practice that the borous character of autograph-writing is to be laid.

On the other hand, this talk about its being a bore to write in the autograph-book of your *friend*, is all humbug. You don't mean it. If you don't care enough about the owner of the book to be willing to write cheerfully and *gladly* in it, he is not your friend. True friendship would lead you to do for more than this trifling service for your companion.

Another of the abuses consists in keeping your friend's book lying on your table for two, three or four days, and then writing

in it, that you 'hardly know what to say, for you have a dozen books before you and are in a dreadful hurry.' Here perhaps your friend is waiting for his book, anxious to obtain the autograph of other friends, and yet not willing to hurry you up by asking you for it. And as to your having a dozen books before you, that is the result of your own laziness in not attending to them as they came in. Does it not sound big to hint that the fellows are crowding books on you so fast?—on account of your *popularity*, of course. You would not keep your friend waiting if he came to see you,—yet you annoy him just as much by keeping his book waiting unnecessarily in your room.

But we have prolonged this essay already too far. Criticism is at all times unpleasant. Still let us try to show in our farewell greetings a spirit of friendliness, not of fault-finding, or of borousness. Such a spirit even on this matter will add much to our kind memories of the past in future years, and make us cherish with increased love all that pertains to our *Alma Mater*.

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### IN CHRISTUM SALVATOREM.

Aufer, Christe, hunc torporem,  
Qui obtundit mea membra,  
Istud fallax cor obtempera,  
Tuum redde mi amorem.

Redde mi hanc puritatem  
Quæ procuret tuum regnum  
Quæ me reddat cælo dignum,  
Vilem auferat pravitatem.

Vilis et magnus peccator  
Nihil amo nisi malum,  
Cogito nil nisi pravum,  
Tum mortis perpetrator.

Mitte me sub tuam crucem,  
Ubi passus es pro mundo,  
Gemuisti tam profundo  
Ut abstulerit dies lucem.

Abduc hanc obscuritatem  
Quæ obscurat meam mentem,  
Quæ non videt te pendentem  
Neque meam pravitatem.

Alibi non habeo fugam,  
De te solo semper pendo,  
Ad te solum semper tendo,  
De juventu usque rugam.

Consolationem et vim,  
De te omnem spem deduco,  
Abs te illam aquam duco,  
Quæ pacet permagnam sitim.

Fons in hac sterili vita !  
Libere me haurire sine  
Vive mecum absque fine  
Urbs in saxo tuto sita !

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#### THE SPECTACLE SHOP.

Sauntering with a listless, idle step along the main street of a large city, my attention was drawn to one store whose show-windows were entirely given to the display of spectacles. Something peculiar in the varied aspect of these many aids of vision, no two pair of which even to a casual glance seemed precisely alike in size and shape, had first called forth my notice. Obeying a sudden impulse I entered the shop. No sooner had I crossed the threshold than I became conscious, as of a fact always dreamily known, that I too had been wont to gaze at the world through glasses of a certain refractive power,

which even then were astride my nose. It seemed also to be in nowise strange that, turning to ascertain the cause of an unusual cry without, I saw each person of the passing throng provided, in respect of vision, like myself. The momentary observation of these things immediately suggested the great truth that ALL MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN, WEAR SPECTACLES.

Seeing on both sides immense numbers of the only objects of sale, I walked slowly toward the back of the room until I was met by a grave and courteous man, who if not indeed the proprietor himself, had the present conduct of the concern in his hands. He appeared to divine my errand or no-errand, for his approach was not that of one expecting a possible customer. With the air of one conferring a favor under pretence of asking one, he inquired if I would look at some of the lenses on exhibition. I followed him as he led the way to a considerable case.

"In our shop," said he, letting down the little hanging door which closed the case, "we not only have glasses of all possible kinds, but also we are able to show to the curious the exact counterparts of all those actually in use. Will you see the duplicate of your own pair?"

"No," I answered, "the perfect duplicate will present all things to my eyes exactly as does my own pair. Let me see something else."

With a slight smile he replied only by handing me out a pair of spectacles. I carefully wiped these with a piece of buckskin and then adjusted them to my nose. But somehow the shop darkened as if a cloud were passing over the sun, and I was forced to walk to the street door before I could see with sufficient distinctness. The persons now going by generally wore a squalid air, which was heightened by the contrast furnished by some few of different appearance. Just then one of these was furtively approached in the rear by a

ragged person of sinister face, and had his well-filled purse dexterously abstracted from him. A little boy carrying a bundle swung it carelessly so as to strike in the stomach a portly man, who, as he regained his breath, let loose his anger in most loud and horrible imprecations. Two men, walking behind and having been engaged in exciting talk, were at this juncture no longer able to restrain the passions which had in each been aroused. They put themselves in position and had exchanged a few blows, when one, breaking through the guard of the other, stretched him upon the pavement, whence taken up for dead he was instantly conveyed into a near druggist's. A policeman, who had come up, thereupon attempted to seize the supposed murderer, but was resisted by certain in the crowd, who called for fair play. He sprang his rattle for assistance, and a general row seemed about to ensue. I insensibly, and despite the hubbub, fell into reflection. How society is degenerating as the world grows older! thought I. Wick- edness of all sorts frightfully increases. Fifty years ago oc- currences, such as I have seen in the few seconds back, would have shocked the morality of the staid citizens of this place. Now, as a matter of course, they read in their daily sheets of thefts, murders, etc., which have been detected. As for Sab- bath breaking, profanity and drunkenness, they are a drug even at the newspaper offices. Why is the totally depraved creature-man kept in existence. Turning from these sights and thoughts, both which, however, occupied but a tithe of the time spent in telling them, I took off the glasses and returned them.

"Would you like to wear them?" asked the grave personage who, I think, must have been all the while observing me.

"No, I would not." I said deliberately and with a slow shake of my head.

"Try these."

I took the offered pair, walked again to the door and fitted

them on. The sun was out and a flood of glorious light was bathing houses and people and carriages, and gleaming back from every bright surface. The street seemed now filled with a better class, and there were no longer any signs of the late tumult. I noticed especially a feeble old man in poor, yet neatly mended clothes, who was busied in selling matches. A gust of wind blew off his hat, whirling it away into the street, whither he could follow it with anxious eyes only, as he was kept by tottering limbs from any pursuit of it. A well-dressed young fellow sprang forward and, after the hat had with many tantalizing revolutions eluded his grasp for some moments, successfully clutched it, and with cheeks glowing from the chase, brought it to its grateful owner. A kind-looking old gentleman, walking near the curbstone, espied upon the pavement a piece of orange peel, which with the end of his gold-headed cane he carefully threw into the road. A spinster was hastening by with some machine-sewn work, which she evidently was taking back to her employer. A little boy, plainly belonging to some poor family, came along, having a large wheaten loaf with a brown paper round it. A lady gave a quarter to a man with a wooden leg, and a gentleman silently dropped a tract into the gaping pocket of a homespun countryman. After all, thought I, *does* the world really get worse? There are certainly a good many kind and cheery hearts in it yet. And then that woman isn't quite like Hood's shirt-songstress. A hundred years ago the poor family could hardly have eaten bread made from wheat. Four hundred years back there were neither types to print tracts nor societies to pay for them. The former days couldn't have been better than these. I declare I really believe there never was so much good in the world as there is now.

The last sentences at least I must have thought aloud, for the shopman, who had been patiently waiting, did not this time ask an opinion of me, though a quizzical smile played

about the corners of his mouth. He now gave me a third pair of glasses, which I found had the singular property of greatly magnifying things near at hand, while, by the contrast, they seemed to positively diminish objects at some distance. A fourth pair showed things near by of their real size, but also brought distant objects into such a wonderfully distinct view that one irresistibly drew off his gaze from his surroundings to first contemplate the far off. The long lines, which included the angle of vision under which an object of the latter kind was seen, unaccountably reminded me of infinity, and that suggested eternity.

"These four pairs illustrate the doctrine of general notions as held by one sect," said the man, showing a knowledge of philosophy hardly to have been expected from his station. "They are used by four large classes of persons. Of course it is only the singulars, the individuals who can look through them, and not the class as one existence. But would you now like to see the spectacles of some notables? each of whom, perhaps it would be proper to say, is a class by himself."

I did not much relish his solemn pleasantry, but was pleased with the notion of seeing what he now volunteered to show. He took me to a case nearer the door, which he unlocked. I could not fail to see that its contents were most strongly diversified, even more so than those in the windows.

I wish I had time to tell of the many pairs of spectacles of which I now made trial. It would be better if the reader himself could visit that shop, though it is scarcely probable he would see things just as I did. Through one pair I saw a respectable man driving by in a gig, and by decided peculiarities in the refraction, immediately knew these to be such glasses as the author of *Sartor Resartus* wears. Another pair had a property of collecting the rays of light from a single feature, so that it henceforth seemed to the mind to symbolize the entire object to which it was attached or belonged. I thought of



Zenobia's exotic, the scarlet letter, Miriam's dress and Hilda's doves, and there was no mistaking the Yankee romancer. And so by similar tokens I recognized the spectacles of many eminent men. Those of many others were pointed out to me by the exhibitor. I had no difficulty in distinguishing between the glasses of President Lincoln and Jeff. Davis. One pair with very dark eye-pieces, which excluded almost all the light, belonged as a partnership affair, I was told, to the *New York Tribune* Editors.

I now felt I had occupied as much of the man's time as was at all proper, and accordingly thanking him for his trouble and for the great entertainment he had afforded me, I took my leave. Before doing so, however, I asked the name of the firm so largely engaged in the spectacle business. He replied with politeness that the name was of no consequence. The glasses themselves, he said, some thought were made by one artisan, others by many. In connection with the matter, different persons talked differently about chance, modes of life, education, influence of society, public opinion, development of thought, planes of reason, destiny, Providence.

"But, my dear sir," I said warmly, "there certainly must be truth somewhere, and you ought to know it if any one does. Where is it?"

He bowed and merely replied, "You had better look through your own spectacles."

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### THE SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"What wakes me from my slumber?

What sweet sounds do I hear?

O Mother, see, who he may be,

That sounds them forth so clear."

Nothing I see and nothing hear,  
Cease not thy slumber mild;  
To thee none brings a serenade  
To-night, my poor, sick child.

"It is no earthly music  
That makes my heart so light;  
An angel calls me with his song,  
O Mother, dear, Good Night."

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### MISTAKES.

The "Mistakes of Educated Men" has furnished a theme for a learned writer. Mistakes are not, however, restricted to any class. Whoever reviews his life sees how they mar it, and there are seasons in the experience of almost every one which he would with all his heart blot from memory's page. But this cannot be. Whatsoever is done, must remain. He has learned a lesson which may guide him for the future, but can never undo the past. In anguish of spirit he exclaims what a bitter teacher experience is.

All our faults, if they were not something worse, we feel to be terrible mistakes and blunders. A mistake is not necessarily a fault. Morality or immorality is not, however, the thing which we have at present in hand. To make a mistake is simply to do that which one would not do, if he realized exactly what was for his own interest.

It is well to remember that there are certain laws of our being which if violated, whether wittingly or unwittingly on our part, bring with them their own consequences. And when we are disposed to complain, it is also well to consider that the Unchangeable Himself has framed them thus.

Mistakes vary in degree from those which bring but petty

ills and annoyances to those whose effects are seen through whole lifetimes. Men, by adopting pernicious principles at the outset, weaken and often utterly destroy their power for future usefulness. While others, by "mistaking their callings," in great measure throw away their talents. But there are minor mistakes, individual in character, the effects of which are realized almost instantaneously. Some, if not all, of the main sources of these may be set down as Ignorance, Carelessness, Prejudice, and Lack of Common Sense. If we knew more, took more care, had less prejudice, and more of that very desirable commodity in the affairs of life, good practical sense, the mistakes made would be far fewer and cause us far less sorrow.

Our knowledge is at best circumscribed in narrow limits. We don't, and in many instances can't, know what will be for our good until the event shall determine. And yet there are many things which we might know. It is a melancholy truth, which we are often told after making some sad mistake, and the force of which we then realize, that we *might* have known.

But though we may find comfort in our ignorance, though, when one in whom we had reposed confidence proves a traitor to his trust, we may console ourselves by saying we didn't know he would; or when plans, supposed to be well-matured, result in only mischief, we swallow our grief by saying we thought it would be different; yet, when we fall into mistakes, for which no other reason can be assigned than *sheer carelessness* on our part, *then* we experience some real mortification. Now carelessness almost invariably amounts to little more or less than thoughtlessness. Our remark in such cases usually is, "we didn't think." Strange that those, who don't think beforehand, should have such ample opportunities for reflection afterward! To illustrate. The carelessness of an apothecary has cost the life of a valuable and useful citizen, and embittered with gnawing grief his own. The careless word or

thoughtless act of some of us has, it may be, inflicted a wound in the bosom of a friend which time itself has never eradicated.

But again, our *prejudices* lead us into many grievous errors. We suppose that all are to some degree prejudiced. Instead of forming their judgments after hearing the evidence on both sides of a given question, men are apt to jump at a conclusion on slight and frivolous pretexts. Thus it is oftentimes in regard to truly upright and honorable individuals, in whom for such idle reasons we fail to place confidence, and we wait long until some great fact appears, which utterly scatters our prejudices to the winds. If ever prejudice were the cause of mistakes, we have a most wholesale example of the fact at the present. The many mistakes which Mr. Jefferson Davis and his confederates have made in attempting to break up this glorious Union, need not be mentioned—all arising out of, and finding their only justification in, a miserable groundless prejudice. In the resistance which Old Fogysm makes to the introduction of anything, which has not stood the test of ages, we find a noteworthy illustration of the point in hand. This spirit says our fathers did so and so, and their way is good enough for us. Thus it would resist improvement in every branch of human exertion, and intertwining itself in public affairs wield them in such a manner as to leave the nation far behind its compeers in all those things which make a nation powerful. It requires something thrilling, like the advent of a *Merrimac*, to awaken such men out of their stupor.

But, lastly, men make mistakes from *lack of Common Sense*, which means that they seem not to possess ordinary forecast and prudence. We do not affirm this of all men. But there is a certain class whose character is justly described by this term and no other. They are constantly getting into difficulties, which they might easily have avoided. They may possess good average ability, or in some cases be even geniuses, but for want of this one thing they usually make most egregious fail-

ures in life. Does any step require to be taken promptly to ensure success, they are the ones to be found wanting at the right time. Is any emergency likely to arise, they make no preparations to meet it, or if they do, they do it inadequately. Sound judgment would teach that something more than weapons and uniforms are necessary to make an army, but there are some people, and it is to be feared generals too, who don't quite realize it. Sound judgment would teach that "bloodless victories" are better than those which involve great slaughter, but these men don't see it. They would rush madly into the face of the enemy's best and most strongly fortified intrenchments. Such men are ever satisfied with a pleasing external appearance. They act as if it were always going to be fair weather, as if they would always have smooth and undisturbed seas over which to sail, forgetting that the day of storms and tempests will come.

And now, reader, we have little more to add. Do you find in yourself a constant liability and tendency to mistakes, we have endeavored to direct you to some, at least, of their sources. *There* seek to apply the remedy. But remember that this is at best an imperfect state. You may with all your pains still err, and in consequence endure much grief, and mortification. On this account yield not! Rather learn therefrom lessons of patience and resignation, and all else will be forgotten.

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### EULOGISTIC.

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WRITTEN BY AN OLD MAN ON THE DEATH OF HIS PASTOR.

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Old Father Page! Old Father Page! alas! I well remember  
The day he died!

'Twas in the merry minstrel-time of cold and grey December,  
And in the *night* beside!

Within his parish, he possessed full many a fine lay member,  
And ducks and geese were all his pride!

His heart was full of sympathy, and gentle words to all  
He kindly said;  
His old dun cow he ever kept, without the garden wall—  
His tongue—within his head!  
His wife in younger days was known as Peggy Ann the tall,  
And was in all respects, well read!

He was (in preaching sober truth his hearers all to please)  
Acceptable;  
The "*rheumatiz*" in every limb would sit him sore at ease—  
He was *respectable*!  
And yet the horse he always rode, would nip the *prairie* trees,  
And feel the while—*delectable*!

No matter what the ills of life, he ever wore a smile  
Upon his face!  
The kennel for his dog was built beneath the garden stile—  
His daughters knew their place;  
His wood he kept within a shed in many a lofty pile—  
His friends—by wit and winning grace!

A patient man was Father Page amid all earthly woe,  
And every wrong!  
His cat would in the ashes sleep—his cook was always slow—  
His hair was thin—but long;  
He needed but a little—*just a little*—here below,  
But took that *little*—strong!

He was a meek and humble man and read in everything  
Some words of truth!  
His gig—which he had painted *green*—with its bemuddled spring,  
Reminded him of youth!  
He thought of Death whene'er the birds would blithsome carols sing,  
Because the *angels* sang forsooth!

But now he's gone—good Father Page! the soul of his sweet face,  
Is with the just!  
He had a host of Virtues—had the follies of his race—  
Had faults—as others must—  
*But Charity will hide all sins, wherever she may trace,  
The Savior's footsteps in the dust!*

## PHILOSOPHY.

A spirit of inquiry is one of the first and strongest motives which operate in the mind of man. And placed, as man is, in a habitation of such wondrous beauty and formation, it is not strange, but natural that his first emotions should be those of curiosity and surprise. Above him are the heavens with their sun and moon and myriads of beautiful stars, spread out so magnificently. Around him is a world that is ever changing, yet always beautiful and often sublime; with its regular succession of day and night; its perfect change of seasons; its grand chemical laboratory, in which it sustains the lives of its inhabitants, gives the beautiful and varied tinges to the minutest flower, the gorgeous hues to the sunset and rainbow and the livid blackness to the awful tempest; in which electricity in its sublimity makes its wild sport of our feeble work, and the mighty combination of almost boundless gasses and the terrible struggles of the molten matter pent up in this monstrous earthen retort, shakes creation to its very centre; with its magnificent museum, in which are collections from the humble yet incomprehensible spear of grass, to the lofty kings of the forests, from the tiny grain of sand, to the glittering diamond, from an atom of earth, to the grandest mountain, from the smallest animalcule, to the mighty Mastodon, from the most insignificant inhabitant of the waters, to the huge Leviathan, and from the faint shooting star, to the flashing meteor or the mysterious comet. Surrounded by all this beauty and glory of the natural Universe, and finding himself fearfully and wonderfully made; a problem too difficult for him to comprehend, it is not surprising that his first emotions should be those of inquiry, and that he should try to solve the many mysteries which meet him at every step through life. It is natural that he should search all nature through to gratify his desire, pluck from her every mystery, pry into her manifold arcana, try to discover their hidden properties and uses, disembowel the



earth and subject its contents to the retort and crucible, rise to the heavens and there compute and scan the glory and the beauty of God's handiwork, then turn from these and endeavor to comprehend the noblest work of creation—*himself*.

But the spirit of inquiry is not content with this. It must know and understand all. And ever since the dawn of creation, down through the varied ages of the world's existence to the present moment, it has been the source of many sublime revolutions, some of which have moved the entire world, aye! the whole Universe, even the throne of Omnipotence itself. It has been the mighty source of evil, and when our first parents were created, while they stood "much wondering where and whence they were," its pernicious influence, their first and strongest emotion spread over their minds; and though they were possessed of all the blessings of Eden, save one, and only one,—

———"rather than leave  
That one unknown, lost all the rest."

It compels man to endeavor to fathom his own mystery, and influences him to leave himself, with whom he is bewildered and confused, disregard the things by which he is surrounded, and with an eager desire to know who and what he is, and what is the nature of that which he sees and feels, rise higher and search out a great First Cause, an Author and Creator of all.

This uncontrollable desire to fathom the mysterious, this love for wisdom, is the real basis of Philosophy. True Philosophy, the manifestation of nobler being, the proof of immortality, exists in the breast of every true man, and though it may not be composed of metaphysical subtleties and disputations, and consist of long drawn arguments, but be merely an humble desire to comprehend the nature and the Author of surrounding circumstances, it is nevertheless as true Philosophy as the most elaborate essay ever made to understand the Essence of the Absolute. And the simple peasant perusing the revelation made him by his Creator, is as true a Philosopher, as he whose

every waking hour is spent in poring over the musty lore of antiquity, conning huge volumes of metaphysics, speculating on the mystery of his existence and the nature of the Infinite. True Philosophy is the source of evidence and fact. It does not consist in "airy schemes or idle speculation," but is the rule and conduct of social life, the grand spring of all our good and our comfort in adversity. It is the soul of Science and Literature. It is the impulse which has prompted the Historian to bless posterity with the deeds of men and nations, and the stream from which the Poet drinks his inspirations. It is so natural in its origin, so grand in its action, so sublime in its results. And whether beheld in the calm spirit of the educated Christian who consecrates Genius to the cause of Virtue, and whose powerful intellect pierces far into the boundless domain of the mysterious, or in the peasant in the lowliest walks of life, who can barely read the message which assures him of immortality, it still bears the mark of its high origin, the proof of the divine in man.

Is it to be imagined that this heaven-sent spirit at the heart's altar can be used as an instrument to promote the most horrid object the world ever witnessed? Alas! so it is. This principle, written by the hand of the Eternal, inwrought into the very being, appealing to the deepest feelings, so splendid in its strength, is capable of being terribly perverted; how terrible that perversion. Blind devotees of Reason bow down before the altar of their idol and present it as their offering. Here it loses its title of TRUE, and becomes mere metaphysical speculation; and though founded on the same principle, the inborn spirit of inquiry, it is as the deadly Upas, which scatters ruin and desolation on all around.

It is then the Spirit of the False. How wide her reign! How absolute her despotism! At her mandate the revelation of the Infinite is thrown aside, a sealed book. Her word dulls the ear to the voice of the Eternal, and to the charms of His crea-

tion. And though all nature may chant a ceaseless symphony of gratitude and praise to its glorious Designer, the senses formed to act in unison with it perceive not its grandeur and harmony. Under her baneful influence, mind becomes a wreck, and Superstition and Ambition rear their huge temples on its ruins. With her no seraph tones bid the fever of the brain cease to burn; no celestial music in the soul the despairing heart to hope. All is dark—a cheerless, gloomy labyrinth, in which no rays of heavenly light penetrate to point a way of escape. No future—no destiny—no hope.

Thou dreadful Tyrant of the Mind, when shalt thou cease to reign? When shalt thy syren tones no more be heard? Thou art clothed in all beauty as a being of light, but thy glittering veil hides the features of a demon and the passions of a fiend.

But thou, Spirit of the True, welcome! Do thou take full possession of the mind, and by thy pure and holy influence teach the real object of existence. Bend the soul low to thy feet, and teach it the lesson of the TRUE. Show that "it is not all of life to live," and inspire the thought that—

"Night and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,  
All times, all bounds, the limitless expanse,  
As one vast mystic instrument, are touched  
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords  
Quiver with joy, - and as the sounds of earth  
Grow cold and distant, wake the passing soul  
To mingle in the heavenly harmony."

M.

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### THE STUDY OF POLITICS.

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Different forms of government afford very different spheres of action for mankind, varying from the most widely extended to the most contracted. In a Monarchy, where the government is a thing independent of the people, as the number of those who, after passing through long lines of officers and attendants, can

obtain an audience from the Royal Sovereign, is very limited, so the number of those who are at liberty to enter the learned professions, or to engage in any of the vocations pertaining to the higher walks of life, is small. But in a Republic, as in this country for example, the levee of the Chief Magistrate is open to all, the sole requisite for admission being that of possessing the outward appearance of Caucasian humanity. The belles, who pass through the crowded rooms with a smile as lofty as if the purest of Castilian blood coursed through their veins, albeit their grandfathers or even more immediate ancestors were mechanics, who had found the way to wealth, may be followed by their chamber-maids or house-servants; and yet the order, simplicity and dignity of the proceedings are such as to leave no room for contempt or derision. No foreign ambassador ever yet sneered openly at one of our President's receptions. Analagous to the freedom here witnessed is our untrammelled choice in the matter of a vocation in life and the equality upon which all contestants for public favors are compelled to stand. Merit, not birth, is the standard of success among us. As the poorest parvenues that run our streets may enter into competition at school or college with the sons of the wealthiest or "best-blooded" in the land—aye, and beat them too, if of sufficient mental calibre, so the strife may be continued in the world, and the petted child of affluence may live to see his poor fellow-student, his Mayor, Governor or President. Such complete liberty of action combined with such judicious restraint as may be seen in this land, is a rare spectacle. Foreigners see and appreciate it. We fail to notice it as we should, simply on account of never having lived under any other system.

It is, however, in political matters, that the difference between the two systems of government is most apparent. On the one side, we see a press, shackled with police regulations, a ministry subservient to the slightest wishes of the monarch, and

a people whose utterances are watched and reported by hired emissaries and spies—on the other, a press totally unrestricted in the expression of its opinions, a cabinet whose members are advisers, not parasites, and a people trained to what a native of a country governed by the former system would call “perfect license” in speech. On the one hand, the criticisms of State affairs is a dangerous, a hazardous experiment; a thing done secretly and cautiously and rewarded, if discovered, by the dungeon—on the other, in every drawing-room, village store and bar-room, the daily paper's report of affairs at the National or State Capitol is well discussed. In the country, where newspapers are not very freely circulated, this is especially the case, and many of our most famed orators acquired the rudiments of their marvellous oratorical powers, by nightly giving vent to their opinions to the party collected to discuss the “news.”

Nor is this manifested interest strange, when we consider how directly almost every American is concerned in the proper administration of the government. Pennsylvania alone has more property holders than the whole of England, and each one feels that Congress is legislating for him. Thus he is drawn into a lively interest in political affairs, and often becomes so much engrossed in them as to engage in them exclusively. Right in principle, he is at fault in practice. It may seem strange to speak of any one engaging in politics as a vocation, but it is frequently done. The curse of this country has been professional politicians. Men in office have become corrupt through love of power, and those out of it with the desire of authority. Devouring eagerness to acquire it has led them to false professions, to bribery, to all kinds of chicanery until they have lost all the respect of others, and have made their names a “thing of reproach.”

Viewing politics as represented by these men, it is not strange that disrepute has fallen upon any who engage even

remotely in them. But why cannot a man be an honest, an upright, a pure politician? Is there any necessary incongruity in the terms? Countries must have governments, governments must be administered by men, and why cannot these men be *men*, and not mere tools of party? We see no reason why persons of character should not worthily seek public station. It is a laudable ambition—one to be encouraged. If a man has the ability, the sagacity, the requirements for taking charge of any part of the nation's affairs, he is criminal to persistently remain in private life. No one has a right to live merely for himself. He has duties to humanity and to its interests, which should not be overlooked. Our nations only hope for the future is in having pure, lofty-minded patriots to take charge of the helm of State, and these we cannot have unless politics is elevated from its professional position into a science, an art equal in reputation and scope to any other. The page of history which our country has been writing in characters of blood during the last year shows clearly the evils attendant upon resigning the control of government into the hands of designing knaves or selfish aspirants after power. And as the sons of freedom instinctively roused to the rescue as the echoes of the first gun fired at Sumter went rolling over our land, and showed to the astonished world their inherent loyalty to the spirit of the institutions transmitted to them by their fathers; so must we, if we would have our country once more assume her place among the nations, rise and hurl demagogues from their positions, replacing them by men of sterling worth. To do this the science of Politics must be studied, and then will its scope, its power, its beauty be understood. Then, and not till then, will *statesman* and *politician* be synonyms, and chicanery be no longer used as a term fitly subjoined to politics. Washington was a politician, so was Jefferson, Hamilton, Adams, Franklin, and yet they were patriots, lofty-minded specimens of nature's noblemen. Is it impossible for them to live again in worthy descendants?

Having thus seen the importance of politics in its bearings on the welfare of our country, it becomes a pertinent inquiry, "Should not its study be cultivated?" Should not our attention be called more forcibly to its value and our minds indoctrinated with its principles? Should we not make ourselves acquainted with its details and familiarize ourselves with the idea of some day taking a share in the labor of carrying on the great system of government? An educated people, a nation familiar with its constitution and laws, must necessarily be the freest, most independent people on earth, for, watching as each one will with jealous eyes the fabric of authority, they will detect readily the first inroads upon their rights, and indignantly hurl the designing innovator from his position. There is intelligence and morality enough in any country to make and keep it respectable and independent, and there is enough rascality and incapacity to ruin it if "private worth persistently keeps its light hid under a bushel."

A new epoch in our country's history is about drawing upon us. The different sections of our land are about to be placed in new and embarrassing relations to each other—those of conquerors and conquered, and wisdom and sagacity will be imperatively demanded to carry matters to a successful issue. Our position among the nations of the earth must be regained, our commerce again sent forth, our flag caused to be respected, our authority and integrity as a nation demonstrated, and to do all this political education in our public men will be necessary. Let then every one, mechanic and farmer, clerk and merchant, lawyer and judge, the tired son of toil and the idle child of luxury, none too high and none too low, sit at the feet of Political Wisdom and learn her doctrines. The time has come when they will be requisite and demanded. Duties and responsibilities are to be incurred which cannot be fulfilled without them. Our country says, "study them!" and nature and instinct re-echo the command. Our minds must be turned to their consideration, not, of course, to the exclusion of other



pursuits, but in connection with them. A man need not and should not make politics his means of livelihood. He would make himself a one-sided development by that course, besides endangering his pecuniary interests, for the "οἱ πολλοί" who have the selection of our rulers, are fickle and like novelty. But a healthy combination of politics with other professions, giving us a readiness and ability to put our shoulders to the wheel of government when the road becomes heavy, is certainly desirable. Too long have we instinctively united the ideas of roguery, trickery, bribery and chicanery with the word under discussion, and just as long have we been the victims of tyranny and oppression. It is time we look into the matter and see if we have not been committing a grave fault.

A truly educated man is one whose qualities and powers have all been harmoniously developed, and the study of public affairs is the element long wanted in American men. True success in life is the result of the union of "right knowing with right doing." If, therefore, we do not *know*, to *do* is impossible, and success a chimera. May it be the boast of the rising generation that it has succeeded in developing to perfection that great desideratum, a CITIZEN, a man educated alike in scholastic learning and in Politics, a man concerned alike in his own and his family's interests, and in the welfare of his country.

H.

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### Editor's Table.

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An Editorship has a near relation to life in the moon. It is a "very pretty thing to talk about," desirable enough on the bright side, but the balance of favor all on the dark. Only tremendous mountains, deep craters and no atmosphere to inflate one's lungs. It would, therefore, be interesting to debate (and we propose it to the Peripatetic societies) whether making a noise isn't for us a physical impossibility, and yet could we reach the conclusion with

*a priori* certainty, we'd be willing to rejoice over the transfer of another 'Mag.' from our care to yours, and would desire the hundred hands of Briareus to return the friendly greetings that any one of you, with the experience of Editor, would think due, when delivered from the sounds that have continually tormented for three long weeks—such as, "How soon will the 'Mag.' be out? What's the matter with the printers? Has their *devil* been too sick to attend them or too troublesome to permit them a kind disposition?" Yes, the joy with which a Sophomore, with his merry horn, (*tin horn*, of course,) makes good an escape when the hoarse owl sings his dirges, isn't a circumstance to what an Editor's should be when his labor is ended, and you seize the 'Mag.' to turn your faces Table-ward. For thither you'll turn them just as surely as you'd look for a look-preface. Both are expected, even by those who expect nothing from them. But how our dishes will suit your tastes, since we must cater for so many, will depend very much upon whether you were born Homœopathists or not. If you were, it's a matter that you'll regret through all your life that you didn't exercise the choice of the Irishman who might have been born in Cork had he chosen, and been born believers in Allopathy, for then you would have come into the world not expecting *similia similibus curantur* and prepared for something else than only *sugar-coated, infinitesimal, palate-tickling* regimen. The novice, too, among our contributors, as well as some other people, would have been more comfortable because delivered from the grasp of the mighty ones he had long before learned to fear, and whom he imagined to have just claims to the sobriquet of *emunctis naribus Princetoniæ*. This is a complex class, some of whom (not through pecuniary inability) always read a borrowed 'Mag.,' others who think no man should ever get an idea unsubmitive to their respective hobbies, and still others who are unable to write, and seek to be heard from at the expense of others. We would not be understood, however, to complain of our pecuniary interests. Though willing to receive any "*legal tenders*," we rejoice to say that our 'Mag.' in the twenty-second year of her age, is stronger than ever in the "*sinews of war*." Many of our exchanges lament the scarcity of

funds, and some have even suspended. This may account, by the way, for the total failure of our April exchanges—they may be too, and we hope are, on the way. Here we are reminded that our March editor desires to make another bow in acknowledgment of the Union College Magazine, Yale Literary, and Williams' Quarterly, all received after his number was issued.

While the robes of office have been upon us, Old Saturnus has bequeathed his last white mantle, and with chattering teeth and cloud-wrapped forehead has turned his face to the Septentrional regions; Reviving Spring has paid us her annual visit, and with the genial influence of the gentle zepthers on which she is borne out are going the coal fires; thousands of minstrels are chanting their carols in every grove, and the old batrachian croakers have given their opening chorus in the marshes; the waters of the rainy season have dried from off the face of the earth, and the hand-ball once more bounds over the alley; the tender grass is revesting the campus, and the steps at the gate are again thronged; the peeping buds herald their long expected marrying time, and we are reminded of a new life for the class of '62.

Another, All-Fools Day, has come and gone, and though in our little college-world we have the anomaly of no children, the *sells* were around to their usual extent, and perhaps cheaper than ever. Wrath and indignation were laid by in respect to the occasion, but we overheard a soliloquy that we must repeat at the risk of losing our best friend. "Verily I believe the fools are not all dead yet." (The soliloquist is noted for originality.) "Do they mean to be fools all the year round, to live fools and die fools, or will they suddenly become wise men when they are let loose upon the wide-wide-world."

With the present month, too, has come the anniversary of the Lexington of '61. Instead of contesting the passage of national troops over her soil, Maryland, emulating the virtues of our revolutionary sires, is joined hand and heart with redeemed Missouri, New Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee and the free patriots of every State, in perpetuating

"Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one."

The body of the monster Secession is severed and the parts fast dying. A nation eminent in peace, when even shorn of no mean strength, has become renowned in war. Genius and bravery and legal emancipation reveal a star of hope, and though the Merrimac continues a thorn in the flesh, a kind Providence is manifestly beneath us. While He teaches our hands to war, may His Spirit cause our hearts to love till we be one people in His service!

The collegians and citizens of Princeton were recently treated to an able lecture on the Civilization of Africa, delivered by Rev. Alex. Crumwell, of Liberia, a graduate of Queen's College, Cambridge, and minister in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Two years ago, a black man lecturing to the learned dignitaries of this place would have been the occasion of effigies and rows; now, anomalous as it is, it must be marked by the observant world as a step in our college history, to see on the speaker's left the eloquent pastor of the church, Rev. Mr. Mann, and on his right our worthy, philanthropic President. The speaker, though of a sable hue, was prepossessing in his appearance, the arrangement of his discourse masterly, his style energetic and elegant, and his delivery remarkably graceful. So rich an intellectual treat is rarely served us, and had it not, to many, lost much from the force of prejudice, would have beggared the admiration of all.

Turning to the class of '62, we find it is already beginning to scatter. Three have just gone out from us, and several more will follow in a few days. Our best wishes go with them, as we commend them to the guidance and protection of our Heavenly Father.

Mr. Edward S. Moffatt, of the class of '63, and son of our late Professor of Greek, has received, in the offer of a captaincy, the honor which exalts the true hero. We are sorry he declined, that he might remain with his friends, though in so doing he spake with an eloquence and devotion that tells of a tender heart and virtuous politics.

Howard Reeder, of the same class, has arrived among the wounded from Port Royal. He is at home, and we are pleased to learn rapidly convalescent. In rank he was valiant in treading

down the standards of the foe, and we trust he may soon again unsheath the patriot-sword.

The autograph fever is raging to a fearful extent. Our contributor has done justice to the uses and abuses of the system, and has left for us to recommend to the Faculty for the catalogue of Senior Studies (we suggest the department of the Fine Arts) another accomplishment expected of every graduate. The study of Aristotle's Poetics, Quintillian, and Constitutional Law, is not to be compared to the healthful exercise of writing autographic farewells, either as a means to intellectual culture, or as to the influence they respectively exert upon mankind.

Our reporter, "on the spot," sends us the result of a game of base-ball, played on the 19th inst. between the first nine of the Nassau (College) Club and an extemporized nine from the Seminary. We are unable to insert it in full—the result, after six innings, was as follows: Seminary Club, 13 runs; Nassau Club, 45 runs. We have also been informed the "Seminoles" were beaten. April 29th is fixed for another game; but we expect rain on that day, inasmuch as no provision was made (as we'd expect from the parties) for unsettled weather.

Lastly, in the record of college events, we rejoice in being permitted to report favorably of our religious condition. The entry and noon prayer-meetings recently established, are still continued. Very many have been born again—and the concern of the people of God now is, who is yet left, and may not this state be *permanent*, that when we have departed from our Alma Mater and penetrated far into the wilderness of life, future generations in the college may here learn to worship our Father and our God, and in thankfulness lift up their hands for a blessing on us. No more pleasing record could we ever receive of our present usefulness.

And now the call of the printer, and perhaps yours too, comes for us to lay aside the honor of public life, and make way for our successor. Cheerfully (with thanks to our class-mates) is he welcomed to preside at the Table by your friend,

THE EDITOR.